

SILENT



WORKER.

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Written for THE SILENT WORKER.

DOUGLAS TILDEN.

The Well-Known American Deaf-Mute Sculptor Whose Works Rank with the Best Productions of The Day.

WE are fortunate, this month, in being able to give a full and authentic sketch of Mr. Douglas Tilden, the celebrated deaf sculptor, with an admirable portrait and illustrations of some of his best known works.

To begin this account of Mr. Tilden at what Dr. Holmes regards as the proper starting-point for a man's education, and so, of course, for his biography—that is a few hundred years before he is born—it would seem that he ought to be a good deal of a fighter. As far back as 1190 it is of record that "Sir Richard Tylden, seneschal to Hugh de Lacy, Constable of Chester, accompanied Cœur de Lion to the Holy Land and fought under him at ye battle of Ascalon against ye Sultan Saladin."

Two centuries later, Sir William Tylden, a direct descendant of Hugh, is found fighting in the van of the English army at Poitiers, in the wing commanded by Lord Audley—good argument that the work was as hot there as in any part of the field. Two brothers of this ancient family, Nathanael and Marmaduke Tylden, came to America in 1625, of whom one settled in Scituate, Mass., and the other went on to Maryland and acquired the property known as Great Oak Manor, which at one time comprised thirty-one thousand acres. Mr. Tilden is descended from the Maryland branch, and, by marriage among his paternal ancestors, is related to the Duponts of powder fame, of whom the most famous was Admiral Dupont, who served with distinction in the Civil War.

On his mother's side he is descended through her mother from a Revolutionary family, members of which, in various grades from captain to brigadier general, were in the thick of our two wars with Great Britain.

His maternal grandfather was one of those hardy pioneers who explored the wilderness and laid the foundations for the settlement of the great West.

Douglas Tilden's father, Dr. W. P. Tilden, happening on "piping times of peace," followed the profession of medicine and was for many years superintendent of the California State Insane Asylum. He came to the Golden State in 1846—three years

before the discovery of gold there. He was twice elected to the Legislature, following in that way the traditions of the family, who have been as much in public life as in war. Douglas Tilden was born May 15th, 1860, at Chico, California.

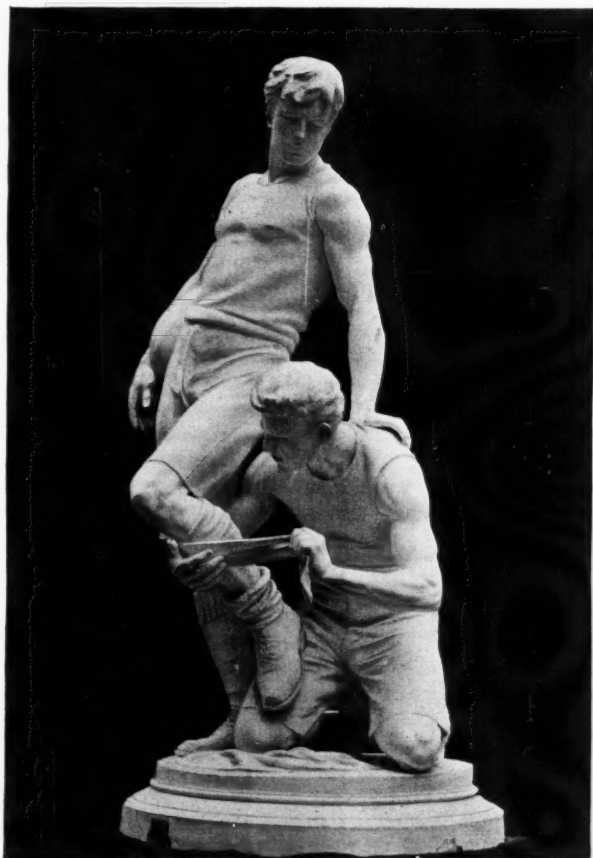
As to how he became a sculptor, Mr. Tilden said: "I do not think I showed, when a child, enough precocity in that line to have attention called thereto. However, I remember

"The nearest manner in which I emulated the example of Benjamin West, who made a brush out of his cat's hair, was: When I was nine years old, I stole some blue-wash and after pounding it into powder and properly mixing it with water, I began to think how I could find a brush. It occurred to me that my own hair would do; so I nipped off a tuft and fastened it to the end of a stick. After covering a side of the

eyeballs and the perspiration broke out on my brow. My father drove with me up to the Institution just when the pupils were sitting down to the noon meal. As in those days the teachers and pupils dined in the same hall, I had to stand up by the side of the principal with my back in view of the whole assembly and be asked the eternal question, 'How did the bald spot happen to be there?' and to pray that the floor open and swallow me up.

"At school I had always joined the drawing class, but, till the present teacher of the art department had been sent five years to the San Francisco School of Fine Arts and initiated into better methods, the system in use was that of a cheap girls' boarding school. Nor was the Institution to be blamed, for California was new and backward. In all San Francisco, there was only one small public museum of paintings, and what were to be seen there, were mediocre works, but they seemed to me to be masterpieces, especially one of Paul carrying Virginia over the brook, which, in the imagination of a certain big boy who accompanied me, applied to himself and his Institution girl. Sculpture was hardly any better off. San Francisco was not, like Athens, a city of ten thousand statues—no, there was only one lone figure in some hard substance, made by a wandering Italian sculptor and erected on Sixth street, soon after the assassination of Lincoln; it represented the emancipator holding aloft the letter which was to free millions of human beings. A very odd piece of modelling indeed, but in my early days I could not pass it without stopping, completely fascinated by its lifelikeness and dramatic gesture, and the memory of those days even now inclines me toward a compassionate judgment of its faults and a certain fondness for it that a Californian must feel for every thing connected with the large, glorious and turbulent days of the golden era.

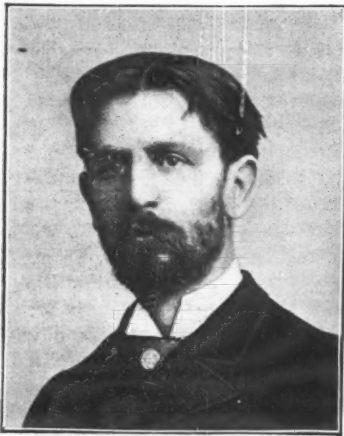
"When I was fifteen years old, a class in wood carving was inaugurated, but again we suffered from the incompetency of the teacher, and I missed, what might have been an opportunity for the discovery of my inclination. My mother handles the brush with some skill, and I also was led to paint and to study some time at the San Francisco School of Design. But it was not till I was 23, that, through an accident, I became acquainted with sculpture. On going



THE FOOTBALL PLAYER.

very well trying, at different periods, to make a face either with mud or in wood with a knife, but the strange facial contortions that grew under my manipulations would so jar on my artistic susceptibility that I threw the work away, half finished. My mother often tells me how, one day, when I was six years old, I took into the parlor a modelling in mud of a baby bathing in a tub, and it happened that Mrs. C., wife of the Confederate general who came to California after the war, was present. My work interested her so much that she eventually became a sculptress and has since produced several creditable figures in marble.

barn with pictures, I went in to lunch, and here was the beginning of my trouble, for my parents discovered a bald spot, the size of a half dollar, on the back of my head. The discomforts I endured till the hair grew again, I cannot describe. I went back to school in the next two or three days, and according to the time honored custom, I had my hair cut in a barber shop. That naturally did not mend the matter. On the contrary, the baldness became more surprisingly conspicuous, and during the cutting, the barber would put his finger on my head and spoke to me as if he wanted to know what the matter was, while I looked ahead with fixed



DOUGLAS TILDEN.

home in the vacation, I was shown a plaster copy of one of the Flamingo boys. It was modelled by my twelve-years-old brother. My first sensation was that of surprise and admiration. The art of putting together clay and creating with it a harmonious and beautiful something, was a mystery to me, and it was explained for my benefit. I looked long at the chubby face hung on the wall, and I asked myself, "Can I do the same?" A lurking consciousness that I would be famous some day, a flitting feeling that I should and could do something that fame would proclaim to the world with the blast of its trumpet, had always haunted me. Was it to be through writing? painting? inventing? I knew nothing about sculpture; it never once had a place in my thoughts, but now, thanks to that new art, might the X of my life that had hitherto occupied itself with day dreams and incoherent yearnings, not resolve itself into some tangible performance? With the impressions of that morning fresh in my mind, I went to the studio of the sculptor who taught my brother. I had never been in such a workshop, and what a world of new sensations was then unfolded to me. It was like breaking into a treasure house. The art atmosphere, to employ an expression used by the artists, seemed to suffocate and intoxicate me. The room was full of the usual paraphernalia of a sculptor's studio; there were plaster casts, without number, of former modellings of masterpieces and of dead men; faces; busts still in clay, on revolving stands, either staring at you with a wonderful resemblance of life or wrapped up in wet cloths for future touches; miniature sketches, also in clay, ranged along shelves, dry, cracked and hanging together by wires and meaningless except to those who could read their language; masses of white stone in the process of cutting, from the rough hewing to the smooth finish; the Turkish curtain stretched over the sofa in the corner with the inevitable pipe and bowl of tobacco by its side; the air that smelt of dampness; the unswept floor, the marble dust; the delightful confusion everywhere!

The sculptor was in the mountains, and I had to wait a week. But when he came, he made no difficulty about receiving me as a pupil. At the end of a month, he, after examining my modelling, in which he could find no fault, wrote: 'I can not teach you any more.' He meant that there was nothing more to be taught in mechanical execution, so carefully had I tried to master the *hang* of it. But is sculpture execution alone? No, it is much more than that, and it can never be learned from a book of rules alone or merely mastered by practice; and that and many more things I learned in after years.

"Well, the fall term reopening, I went back to teach, and in my leisure hours, I modelled four years longer. But it must not be taken for granted, that, all that while, I was satisfied that I had fallen upon the right vocation. Doubts assailed me at every step. The liking for an art does not always presuppose the existence of the necessary power for creating that art. There are many writers endowed with a certain susceptibility to the graces and refinements of literature which has been fostered by culture till they have mistaken it for native power; it is with authors as with actors, painters and sculptors; mere delight in the art deludes them into the belief that they are artists. So wrote a philosopher. Could I, after all, be one of the deluded many? It was therefore with fear and trembling and a high resolve to do my best, that I at last left California and went to Europe."

Arrived in Paris, Mr. Tilden set to work with untiring energy and soon produced a work—"The National Game"—which was admitted to the Salon and attracted unusual attention for a piece from an unknown artist. His "Tired Boxer," which followed, received "honorable mention." At the Chicago Exposition he was represented by a charming piece entitled "The Young Acrobat," of which art critics in our leading papers spoke with warm commendation. In Mr. Tilden's case it is proved that a prophet may be not without honor even in his own country. His first work, "The National Game," representing a fine and typically American young athlete as a pitcher in the act of delivering the ball, has been purchased by a wealthy citizen of San Francisco, and presented to the city.

He has, since his return last summer, been appointed professor of sculpture at the Hopkins Art Institute of San Francisco, which is an adjunct of the State University of California. This is, perhaps, the first instance in the history of the education of the deaf, in which a deaf-mute has been chosen to fill so important a position at a school where all the students are "hearing and speaking."

We give below an extract from Mr. Tilden's interesting paper on "The Art Education of the Deaf," prepared

for the World's Congress of the Deaf held in Chicago, in 1893, which furnishes an outline of the course through which one who aspires to be an artist must pass.

"Art, therefore, concerns itself not merely with the expression of an idea but also with the mastery of many things, without the aid of which that expression can be but imperfectly carried out.

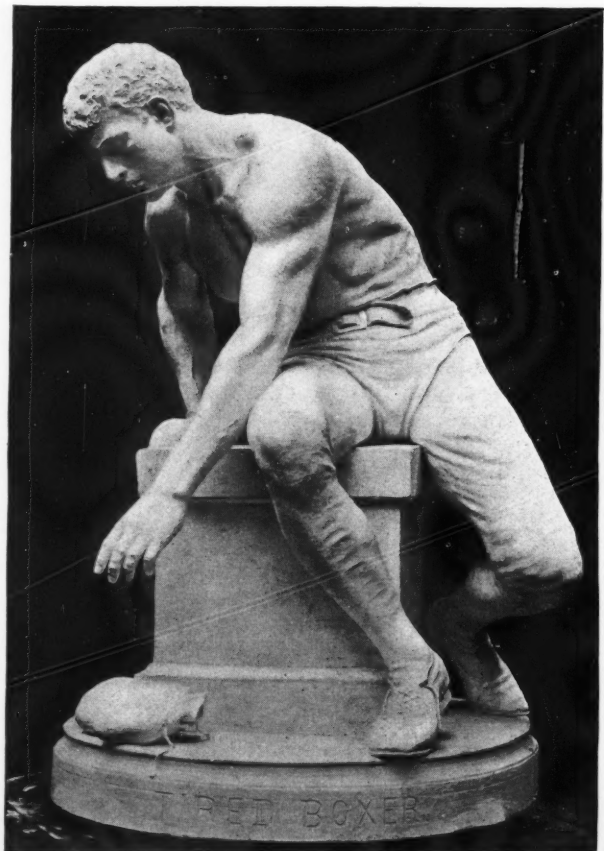
"Now, what the critic assumes to know, the artist certainly also knows, for *he* is the creator. He thinks out the pictures and—then sets to give substance to the idea teeming in his brain; he imitates the forms, corrects the drawing, adjusts the tones and values, balances the shadows, patches on the lights.

"All this mechanical manipulation—imitating, correcting, adjusting, balancing, patching—comes under the designation of *technique*, or grammar of the art of painting. The skill of the artist is measured by the promptitude and confidence with which he does those things; his eye has to be educated and the hand trained, and moreover, behind them all, there must be the requisit strong natural talent without which all labor would be unavailable.

"Now, to acquire that skill, an apprenticeship covering many years is required, and it is best begun in early manhood. The student may be eighteen years old. He begins by copying plaster casts of antique statues or of their fragments, which are admirably adapted for the purpose

not only their matchless beauty but also by the breadth and simplicity of their masses of lights and shadows. From that, he next goes to the "life class" where he studies the living human figures. A naked man, woman or child poses on a platform in the middle of a room and the students sit before their easels in semi-circle around the model and set to reproduce on paper or canvas the form that they see before them. The study of antique may take one, two, five years, according to the aptitude and application of the pupil, while the nude will take a longer time. In Paris it is no uncommon thing to meet a student who has been studying the academic rules of imitating the human figure alone for ten years.

"At the same time, to test or stimulate the students' imagination or inventive faculties, subjects are named, from time to time, for original compositions in charcoal, oil or clay. They may be words of an abstract nature, such as Desire, Patriotism, Maternal Love, etc., or incidents drawn from Biblical and Classical times. Thus, at the last competition for the 'Prix de Rome,' in which ten students, chosen out of some three hundred young sculptors, took part, the subject was 'Despair of Adam.' In one sketch in clay (almost life size) our ancestor was represented as tugging wearily at a shrub, in another as sitting with his head bowed down in profound dejection, in another as standing by the side of a primitive spade and wiping his forehead and,



THE TIRED BOXER.

at the same time, looking heavenward with a face which told with unmistakable features, the extreme despair preying on the exile's mind. This third composition was adjudged the best, alike for its *technique* and sentiment, and was accordingly awarded the coveted prize.

"The above course is about the rule in all European schools, no matter in what line the pupil's task will ultimately lead him, be it portrait, genre or landscape painting. Of course, there are theories as to art education which this or that master advocates with all the warmth of our oral and manual teachers, but this paper is hardly the place for such discussion.

"Now, the student's first period of 'disciplinary study' in which he has been perfecting himself in the means of art is over; and his second period is come, when, to use Thackeray's simile, he must, like the Indian youth after his trial of endurance, pass into the rank of warriors. He has now to deal with that critical time of his life, when his own inherent powers, as apart from mere skill, must be made manifest, or he falls by the road side. Hitherto, in a sheltered cove and under the guidance of a teacher, he has been for many years fashioning his ship; he must now break loose from the mooring and sail his lifelong voyage alone; 'method and skill are as rudder and compass,' said Leonardo, but whither shall he go? Shall he follow beaten tracks or shall he steer for undiscovered lands? Shall he come back richly freighted or shall obstacles rise before him and he put into a harbor discouraged and let the ardour of his earlier days filter away? These questions he can only answer for himself. No hand can hold succor to him. His guide must be the individuality *I*. He must look into himself and discover his powers there; he must draw and work and lo! one morning the world may crown his brow with the laurels of a creator!"

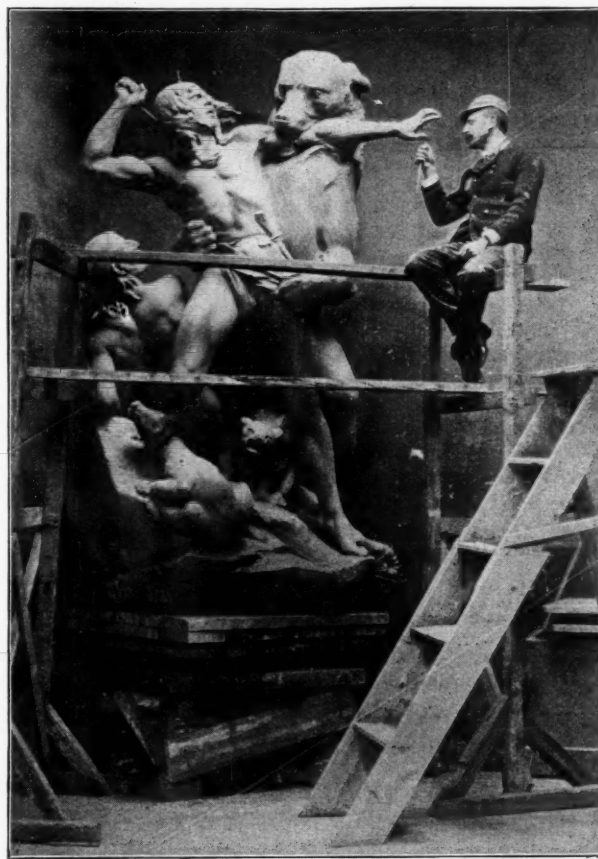
Professor Tilden has very kindly furnished for the SILENT WORKER, by request, the following very clear and interesting account of the methods followed in the studio, showing the whole course of a work in sculpture from the first conception in the brain of the master, to the completion of the design in bronze or marble:

"First, the artist makes a small sketch in clay, about a foot in height, of the picture he has in his mind. That picture may have come to him like a flash, in the moment of inspiration or he may have created it by dint of laborious thought. All artists are supposed to have their pictures more or less vividly mapped out in their minds, before those mental images are transferred to the canvas or clay. Michael Angelo is said to have cut his marble statues

right away, without first elaborating them in clay, but this is possible only with a mind of most stupendous powers.

"In making the small sketch, the artist makes no attempt at nicety of finish, his sole object being to see how the parts of the figure or figures look in relation to each other, and

whole figure. Thus, in making a statue, the sculptor must apply the rules of harmony and variety to all the sides of the figure, for you know the statue is made to be looked at and admired from every point of view. In this way, the execution of a round marble work is somewhat more difficult than that of a bass-relief



TILDEN AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO.

again how the figures as a whole compare one with the other. Here the rules of harmony and variety are carried out to the best of the artist's ability. This is called *composition*. If the sketch is a bass-relief of a single figure, the artist so studies the placement of the limbs and muscles as to produce the most agreeable and the least monotonous effect possible. If there are to be two or more figures in the relief, the harmony of one figure must agree with the harmony of the other figures, and then from them as a whole, the harmony of the picture is secured. If a single round figure—that is, a statue that is to be looked at on all sides—is required, the same principles of harmony and variety are used, but here the difficulties multiply, for you will look not at a single plane as in a bass-relief or an oil painting, but on numberless planes, front, right side, back, left side. When you stand before the front of a statue, you are agreeably impressed by the *ensemble* of that part of the figure. But are you equally sure that the work is as beautiful and symmetrical on the other sides? Well, go around to the side and see and so on around the

or a drawing (in charcoal, oil, etc.) on a broad plane.

"Now, if it is difficult to make a image in marble or bronze that is beautiful on all sides, it is much more so in a group composed of two or more figures. Well, they must be so huddled together that a downward stroke of a sword cannot pass between the figures without lopping off a head or limb or even cutting open a whole body. This is one rule of grouping. The other is, we must again see whether the group on *all sides* carries out the same canons of symmetry, variety, beauty. This is a very hard nut to crack. Nor is that all. The sculptor must also keep an eye to the best effects of light and shadow and not be forgetful of the rules of perspective as well as of the law of gravity.

"No matter how vivid the picture may be in his mind, the sculptor will often find it necessary to make several sketches, perhaps a dozen. Suppose now that he is satisfied with one of them and that he is determined to elaborate it on a larger scale; say, let the statue be a round figure, six feet tall.

"The artist will soon set to work to

make a model sketch in clay on a scale of $\frac{1}{3}$ the large figure that is to come. He spends some time on that model sketch and finishes it somewhat carefully; a living model is hired, and the swing of his body correctly studied. Here, I want to warn you against an erroneous idea of the use of a living model. Many persons think that it is enough only to have him stand by your side and to copy in clay his eyes, nose, mouth, arms, legs, and there the statue is! That is wrong. That is not art. A model is used, it must be understood, only as a *guide*. The artists are anxious to follow nature, for every departure from what is natural, is a deformity or lie. But while thus following nature, they make use of a vision that enables them to perceive, select, emphasize what is beautiful. This faculty belongs to their own inner powers and has nothing to do with mere copying.

"Suppose now that, at the end of one month or three, the sculptor is satisfied with the sketch model and is ready to begin the large sized figure. The first requisites are a turning table and an iron support, thick and strong enough to hold up a clay figure, six feet tall. On this brace, iron strips as thick as your forefinger are fastened, which are to run through the legs and arms and neck and support the clay of those parts. To those strips, small bits of wood have to be tied with wires, for it is clear that the wet and yielding clay cannot stick to the slender wires.

"When all is ready, the sculptor begins to build up the statue. He keeps the sketch model near by and with the help of a pair of compasses, he copies it on the scale of 3 to 1.

"When the figure is all built up (this work takes several months) the last and great stage comes. It is the *finish* that determines whether the artist is a master or not. Hitherto, he had dealt with mere principles of mechanical execution, but now must come the beauty, charm, poetry, fire, that make the artist and are born in him. Without those qualities, the work is dead—in short, a failure. So, one talks of sculpture, it is well not to talk of it with that flippancy which is the ignorance of Philistines, for I am sorry to say that among many people, that noble branch of art is very, very, much misunderstood. If I say, 'Can you write a book?' you will answer, 'I would like to, but that is beyond me'—very good, thus far, you clearly understand that the art of writing a good book requires an inherent power, and that literature is not composed of grammar only. But if I say to you, 'To make a good statue is in every way as difficult to write a good book,' you will perhaps reply, 'Nonsense! It is only in a slight degree harder to make a statue than a beautiful table. All that is required, is skilful work-

manship.' That is a mistake, for I tell you that just as Shakespeare, Goethe, Victor Hugo brought in to play for their own art, the stupendous powers of their mind, such as clearness of insight and vision, profundity of thought, finest susceptibility to beauty, high technical knowledge, so, in the same degree, did Phidia's, Praxelites, Michael Angelo, employ for their art, the stupendous powers of their mind — clearness of insight and vision, profundity of thought, finest susceptibility to beauty, high technical knowledge — no more and no less.

"To return to modeling, the sculptor must have his clay figure cast in some permanent substance, so that it can be kept for a long time. Plaster of Paris is best for the purpose. The process of changing a clay figure to a plaster figure is best understood by seeing. A mould of plaster is made over the whole figure in several pieces. These pieces are then taken off and fastened together. Of course this makes a hollow inside, of what was formerly occupied by the clay figure. Liquid plaster is now put in the hollow, and when it hardens, the outside mould is knocked off and the white plaster statue exposed to the view.

"The process of casting a statue in bronze is pretty much the same as the above, except that, instead of plaster, sand is used to make moulds, as the sand can stand the hotness of the melted bronze. First, a mould in sand is made all over the statue in several pieces. These pieces are taken off and fastened together. Of course, as before, this makes a hollow in which the bronze is to be poured. But if the bronze is now poured in, the statue would be full of solid bronze and be heavy and expensive. It must be hollow. Within the sand moulds already made over the statue, another mould in sand is made, and between the interstices made by the outside and inner moulds, the bronze is poured. When the metal cools, the outside mould is knocked off and the bronze statue exposed to the view. But there is still the other sand mould inside of it, and that too has to be shaken out. Thus the statue becomes hollow. Next comes the chiseling and rasping to remove the unevenness of the surface. This requires skilful workmanship or your modeling as reproduced in bronze will be ruined. Of course, from the beginning to the end of the process, you will have to overlook the work. Then comes the tinting of the surface. You can have the yellow bronze as it is, and leave it to the weather to put its mellow touches on it in the course of a few years. Or you can give any color to the bronze. The workman can make it look 1000 years old, to order.

"If the group is composed of several figures, each figure will have to be cast separately, and afterwards be

united. The joints cannot be seen.

Perhaps your statue is so successful that you think it will do to make small duplicates of it and sell them. How do you make them? Well, you take the statue to a man whose business is to make reduced-size replicas. He puts your statue on one end of a machine and a shapeless mass of plaster on the other end. The two ends turn around simultaneously, and by and by the shapeless mass of plaster grows into a small statuette, an exact duplicate of the statue. When the statuette is finished, you take it to the foundryman and tell him to make one hundred reproductions in bronze of that statuette, and in three months your replicas are seen in shop windows all over the United States."

WORK.

"Patience : accomplish thy labor !
Sorrow and silence are strong,
And patient endurance is godlike."

THE BALL PLAYER IS GOOD.

Local Sculptors' Opinions of Tilden's Work Inspired by Miss Hosmer's Criticism.

Recently Miss Harriet Hosmer, who as a sculptor of the Italian school, became a self-constituted critic and authority on what is and what is not art chiseled marble, is now in San Francisco. Her main object here is to place her statue of Queen Isabella in Golden Gate Park, but incidentally she, in company with a number of local admirers and patrons of art, made a critical inspection of the statues, monuments and other pieces of sculpture with which San Francisco is adorned. Her criticism was free and unreserved, and, many local artists think, unfair and ill advised. So they, too, have turned, and criticize the critic. In last Sunday's *Examiner* their sentiments are set forth at length. Miss Hosmer said that Tilden belonged to the realistic school, of which she was no admirer: and commenting on his "Ball Thrower," which was among the objects of her criticism, "spoke compassionately of it as the work of a very young man wedded to a false idol." It is therefore interesting to know what other artists, who feel themselves equal to criticising even Miss Hosmer, have to say about it.

John A. Stanton, Director of the Art at the Midwinter Fair, though a painter, has seen the best sculpture of the world and has made an incidental study of that branch of art. In the course of his remarks, he said: "The 'Ball Thrower' of Douglas Tilden is also clever, and, although not his best work, indicates an intelligent conception of character and an appreciation of the value of simplicity in treatment. The 'Tired Boxer,' another of Tilden's compositions, which is in the Olympic Club, is far superior as a work of art.

"Mr. Tilden also belongs to the re-

alistic modern school, and has been influenced by the great sculptors of France. If I mistake not he is a pupil of Falguerre. He is a young man, full of ambition and talent, and, although his work is uneven at present, he gives every promise of being a sculptor of whom California will be proud."

Rupert Schmid holds a high place among local sculptors, and his work is generally known to San Francisco. He seems to have a good opinion of Tilden's work for he says:

"Douglas Tilden's 'Ball Thrower' is good work—no doubt of it. Of course you can pick flaws and faults if you wish to, but that is not the way to judge a piece of sculpture. Tilden's work shows power and genius."

F. Marion Wells, who modeled the Marshall monument and other well-known works, said:

"As for Douglas Tilden's 'Ball Thrower,' though to me it seems a little strained, it has much merit and is a good example of the modern realistic school. Its merits far outweigh its faults."

Written for THE SILENT WORKER.

SHE WAS RIGHT.

And the Trainmen Found it out Themselves—A Moral.

She was only a little girl hardly ten years old. She was seated in a train on the road from Trenton to New York. The conductor had charge of her and her ticket read "Deal Beach." The train flew along but the little girl didn't say anything or take any notice of her fellow passengers, as her time was occupied in reading the names on the signs at each stop, so as to know when to get off. All at once she happened to see her ticket, and studied it for some time, and closed her three fingers, leaving the thumb and little finger sticking out and knocking it, palm inwards, to her chin. Our silent readers will understand this is the familiar sign used to express that something is wrong. Then she spelled out E-I-B-E-R-O-N on her fingers and nodded and returned to her sign-watching occupation.

The train pulled up at Deal Beach and the conductor tapped her on the shoulder and beckoned for her to come. But she didn't come. No; she only gave her head an impatient toss and sat still and looked out of the window. The conductor, who had gone half way down the aisle, looked around and to his surprise saw her sitting there. He then went outside to help the ladies alight and then signalled to his engineer to wait and went back after her. She only shook her head and made a few mysterious signs—to the conductor—and sat still.

"Say, put her off," said one passenger.

"Here, I don't want to be ran into from the rear," says another.

"Oh, come off," says a third.

The conductor was getting impa-

tient and at last blurted out: "Say, young lady, you won't get off; well, we can't wait here all day and we are already behind time. So here you go." So saying he picked her up in his arms and in the next half minute a bundle of screams, kicks, and disgust was deposited on the platform. Sometimes she would make a few signs and spell out "Elberon," but there wasn't a soul who could understand her.

The train pulled up at Elberon and on the platform was a man whose manner betrayed he was looking for some one. The "some one" was not there and the man studied the boards for an explanation. A bright idea all at once seemed to strike him and he made rapid strides to the telegraph office.

The telegraph operator at Deal Beach received the following:

"Is there a little girl at Deal Beach," then followed description.

"There is, but she had to be put off the train and has written Elberon on a slip of paper," was the reply received.

"Well, why the dickens didn't you let her alone? I told her to get off at Elberon!" the Deal Beach official received.

And so he did. But the next time she refuses to get off at Deal Beach or any other station along the route, the trainmen will know she has other orders.

W. C.

DUMB.

Soul! soul, why art thou dumb?

Voices within thee struggle to break forth
Wilt thou forever rest while on thy frozen tongue
Hosannas sleep, and songs that wait thy birth.

Must I forever stand so statue like
With compressed lips and folded hands at rest;
And eyes tear-heavy searching through the dark,
Searching till blinded, for an angel guest.

Speak, speak my soul, cry out in all thy pain!
O, let this wail break through thy prison gloom;
And then, perchance some angel guest will come
And raise thee living from the silent tomb.

And take from off thy lips this mystic seal.
And grant thee power holy things to speak;
Sweet words of comfort, giving blessed weal,
And strength to cheer the fallen and the weak.

And then, mayhap, those dear unspoken things;
Words would not tell with all their noble art,
Would burst this tomb like angels on the wing,
And fold around some tempted brothers heart.

And hover there on pinions pure and white,
To shield him from all harm and earthly sin,
To bide with him e'en to the gates of light,
And walk beside him when he entered in.

—Jennie Marsh Parker.

Written for THE SILENT WORKER.

INDIAN RELICS UNEARTHED.

Trenton the Favorite Resort of the Indians in Early Times—What was Found on the Lalor Farm.

FOR some years past it has been known to archaeologists that the part of the lower Delaware valley now occupied by the city of Trenton and its suburbs was, in early times, a favorite resort of the Indians. Stone weapons and implements, such as arrow-heads, spear-heads, axes and the like have been found in great quantity.

Two residents of Trenton who have given much study to scientific subjects, Dr. Charles C. Abbott and Mr. Ernest Volk, have made large collections of these relics and have learned many interesting things in regard to the habits of the aboriginal people to whom they belong.

Mr. Volk is at present engaged in systematic search for Indian relics on behalf of the museum of Harvard College, for which he has already made a large collection, part of which was on exhibition at the World's Fair in Chicago.

The curious facts given below were obtained through the courtesy of Mr. Volk, and the statements were illustrated by reference to objects which he has recently collected on the Lalor farm near this city. We are also indebted to the owners of that estate for opportunity to visit the scene of the investigations now going on, which are proving unexpectedly successful.

The first question which suggests itself is, what attractions drew these roving savages to make their permanent homes in this particular place. By way of answer, Mr. Volk called attention to the physical features of the place where he was working—a bench or "terrace," such as we find along most of our northeastern rivers, marking what was, ages ago, the bank of the river, which in that distant time was more than twice its present width. When this bluff was the site of an Indian encampment, two centuries or more ago, the meadows at the foot were a tidal marsh abounding in edible plants, and swarming with wild fowl and rabbits. The creek, too, which flows through it to the Delaware, was alive with fish, including the sturgeon, which is still an occasional visitor in our waters. The bluff rising sharply from the flats offered to the Indians a convenient place to pitch their wigwams, and a fertile soil for their small plantings of maize, while chestnuts, which were an important article of diet with them, seem to have been very plentiful. Although the Indians, as discovered by the first white settlers, may appear to us very low in the scale of culture, yet the evidence of the rocks, as interpreted by scientific observers, shows that they had risen, in the course of

ages, from a condition very much lower. In the stratum of red sand which underlies the surface of loam, and which belongs to the glacial period, when this part of North America was about what Greenland is now, are found the earliest relics of man in this vicinity.

These relics consist of implements of argillite, or clay slate, from the river-bed, chipped roughly into shape.

In the course of centuries these primitive men came to learn that the chert and jasper from the same river-bed, though more difficult to work, gave a much better and more durable cutting edge or point. After another long period, they improved on the method of forming an implement by knocking off flakes from the stone tool by blows with another stone, and learned to give a more even edge by removing the smaller roughnesses by pressure. A slender piece of wood or bone was found, one end was placed on one of these little knobs and a steady pressure applied until it would fly off, leaving a smooth surface. Then for generation after generation that method was used until finally they learned how to grind the stone edges smooth, and then they had cutting edges which really answered their purposes tolerably well.

A similar development is seen in the pottery met with at different depths in the soil, corresponding to a distance, probably, of more thousands of years than you have fingers and toes. The earliest pieces of pottery manufactured were apparently big, thick pans—two feet long, some of them—for boiling food. One dish we know they had was boiled sturgeon, for Mr. Volk has found big pieces of the bony shell of this fish in the same kitchen pit with one of those clumsy pots. The potter's art of that day consisted in digging a hole in the ground for the mould, lining it with grass or sedges, plastering it with clay worked smooth on the inside and then baking it in the pit, after which it was removed and put into service.

In the course of a few thousand years, the fashion became more elegant, a network of fibre, probably of basswood, was used for the lining, the sides were worked thinner and in some instances neat designs were incised on the surface.

The art of weaving, however, the Indians of this part of the country never acquired. The nearest approach that they made to it was the making of nets from bass-wood fibre, charred remains of which are found in their kitchen pits. Dr. Volk thinks that this vicinity was inhabited by a comparatively dense population and that, as compared with other Indians, the people were less roving and more given to the rudimentary agriculture which alone they understood. It will be interesting to the general reader to know how a trained scientist like Mr. Volk reaches such con-

clusions from what would seem to most people very scanty evidence. Well, in the first place, it is evident that the older relics are those that lie the deeper. Knowing how long this particular piece of land has been occupied by white people, we have an approximate date for the latest remains, which is about 250 years ago. From the appearance of the stones, pottery, etc., of different periods exhumed, it is possible to make some rough calculation as to the comparative time for which they have been acted upon by the chemical agents in the soil. A large acquaintance with plants enables an observer to assign a piece of charred fiber to its place as a sedge or a strip of bass-wood or whatever it may be.

If bones of bear and deer are frequent in the lower strata and are almost wanting near the surface, being replaced by those of the squirrel and other small quadrupeds, the inference is justified that the large mammals have been thinned out by a long course of hunting on the part of a comparatively dense population.

Then there is a kind of arum (a family of plants of which a type is the well known Indian turnip or Jack in the Pulpit) called the Golden Club. It blossoms in May, when its bright yellow spadix enlivens our swamps along the river banks. Its look is thick and fleshy, and though rather acrid when raw, becomes fairly palatable by cooking. Now this plant is never found growing naturally except in swamps subject to overflow by tidal water, although it will grow in any marshy land if fresh stock from its native habitat be occasionally introduced. A small patch of this plant is still to be found in Bear Swamp near Trenton, a fresh water bog. Within the memory of people still living, this patch was very much larger, and Dr. Volk thinks that as a large planting of this arum must have been made by some one, the only tenable hypothesis is that the Indians set out the plants, and the only conceivable motive for so doing was to use them for food. Stone implements found of a shape fit neither for axes nor knives are unquestionably meant for digging, probably for purposes of agriculture. As to the dwellings of our Indians, Mr. Volk thinks they lived in wigwams rather than in the round houses built by some of the more advanced tribes although he finds an occasional post-hole. Perhaps a sceptical reader may ask: "How do you find a post hole dug 250 years ago and since filled up solid?" Very easily—when you know how! Of course it will go down through the black mould into the yellow loam. As the post rots the black mould will fall in from the top and fill the hole.

Within the past few weeks Dr. Volk has found a very considerable number of skeletons, buried in the midst of their village—in the very middle of

the wigwams. One of these measured six feet, even without the foot bones. Allowing for the tissues between the joints and for the thickness of the scalp, this must have been a man of heroic proportions. The bones are remarkably large and close grained and are still perfect after a burial of two centuries, when judging from what is seen in our cemeteries, they should have crumbled into dust. In some of these skeletons every tooth is preserved without a flaw! Doubtless open-air life and simple diet made their texture solid and fit to resist decay.

On the breast of one man was an amulet or charm of greenish conglomerate, polished and cut into regular shape. This skeleton was extended at full length, but the women and others, probably persons of less consequence seem to have been tumbled into the ground with scanty care, as their bodies were curled up in irregular positions.

The skulls are, in general, small in proportion to the bodies, but well formed and symmetrical, unlike those of the hopelessly degraded races. Mr. Volk thinks that this indicates that these people followed a mode of life which did not call for much mental exertion but that they had the capacity to acquire civilization.

These researches are certainly of much interest both to scientists and to the public, and will enlarge our knowledge of the original dwellers on our soil.

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OCTOBER, 1894.

ERRATUM.

On page 5 in third column, speaking of the plant "Golden Club," for, "its look is thick and fleshy," read, "its root &c."

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.

The cuts of Mr. Tilden's statuary which appear in this number were made from photographs taken by Mr. Henri Demarest of Paris, a deaf-mute and an amateur photographer of unusual merit.

We are indebted to Mr. James E. Gallaher, of Chicago, for kindly lending us the MS. of Mr. Douglas Tilden's paper at the Chicago World's Congress, at a time when the courtesy must have cost him considerable inconvenience. We give an extract from this essay in the sketch of Mr. Tilden's life and work. The entire paper may be found in the volume of the proceedings of the Congress which has just been printed under Mr. Gallaher's supervision and which will soon be offered for sale.

PRINCIPAL CLARKE of Michigan, in *The Mirror*, says the census of their state shows there are over four hundred deaf persons who have never been in a school. This is a startling number, though every Principal has found that a considerable proportion of the children who should come under instruction grow up without the benefit of education. It is no wonder that many feel that the law should oblige parents of deaf children to send them to schools so generously provided by the State.

THE new furniture in the chapel, mentioned in another column, was

furnished by the New Jersey School-Church Furniture Co., whose advertisement will be found on our seventh page. The style of seat is that known as the Student's chair, and comfort and convenience can not, in our opinion, be surpassed. This company made the furniture for the new Assembly Chamber at Trenton, a room which has been considered a model legislative hall in every respect. The cabinets advertised are similar to those used in the Chicago exhibit of the New Jersey School for the Deaf and by the Gallaudet College. Several articles of which this company have exclusive control, are especially adapted to use in schools for the deaf.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, who died peacefully at the advanced age of eighty-five on the 21st of this month, was for forty years one of the foremost among American authors. He is, perhaps, most widely known by his "Breakfast Table Series,"—the "Autocrat," the "Professor," and the "Poet," which came out in the *Atlantic Monthly* magazine, the first appearing in the early fifties. After these books his most popular writings are his "society verses," little poems on all sorts of occasions—class reunions, receptions to foreign visitors and so on. He also wrote several novels full of wit and of keen observation, like every thing he ever wrote. We should guess that he will be longest remembered by his little poem, "The Chambered Nautilus," which was his own favorite piece of all his writings. It is an ode of but a few stanzas, but the thought is exquisite and the expression is equally so. To use his own comparison, it is the little casket of jewels, rather than the bale of bulky goods, which is likely to be saved in the shipwreck of time. One stanza of his "Last Leaf" was pronounced by President Lincoln to be "unsurpassed for pure pathos by any thing in the English language."

Dr. Holmes's professional work, which was carried on for the greater part of his active life with great industry and success, has been rather eclipsed by his literary fame. He was Professor of Anatomy in Harvard College and was held in high esteem by the medical profession.

The deaf have an especially kindly feeling towards him for his very warm interest in Helen Keller and for the beautiful way in which he wrote, in prose and verse, of the affliction of deafness and of blindness under which she suffered.

IN the current number of the *Annals* Mr. T. P. Clarke, of Michigan, has an article on the cultivation of the imagination of deaf children.

He takes the ground that the extreme literalness of deaf-mutes, and their very general lack of imaginative power, is a great drawback to them in

the acquisition of language. We are quite in accord with him, for the most part, as may be seen by reading an editorial on the subject in the *SILENT WORKER* for January, 1894. Mr. Clarke, however, is a devoted advocate of the sign-language, and in his advocacy of this method we can not follow him. But we will not thrash this old straw over again. We will venture to repeat ourselves on the subject of cultivating the imagination, as it seems to us not to receive the attention it deserves. To our mind, then, the deaf child who objects to the story of Cinderella that it is "lie," and finds more pleasing literature in such statements as "The boy ran on the ground," is in so far abnormal mentally, and not only misses a source of legitimate enjoyment but is by that fact hampered in school work. Is it not evident that one who can not make the necessary allowance for the impossible element in the story and enjoy the wonderful and the delightful in it, will fail to understand the metaphors and hyperboles which make up so much of the language both of books and of daily use? Such familiar expressions as "an angry boil," "threatening weather," "a barrel of money," "rivers of tears," "a red-hot game of ball," and so on, are appreciated with difficulty by a non-imaginative child. The process of learning a language by reading it, calls for a constant exercise of the imagination. In such reading we are always saying to ourselves: "This sentence, as a whole, with the one or two gaps in it left by the words which are new to me, means"—well my ability to make it mean anything will depend on my supplying a part of the picture by my imagination.

We would suggest to Mr. Clarke that he try placing his pictures of the fairy story in consecutive order on the wall, and let pupils try to make out the outlines of the story from the hints thus given and see whether that is not an improvement on the sign description even as given in his own graceful and vivid gestures.

MRS. Sophia Williams Van de Water, who died in San Francisco on the 20th of the present month, was one of the few remaining links connecting the present of California with the period of its sudden rise into wealth and importance which followed the discovery of gold in 1849. Her husband, the late Robert J. Van de Water, went out in the autumn of that eventful year in charge of the interests of Commodore Vanderbilt, and was for fifteen years a large factor in the development of the State. He built the first steamboat ever launched in California, constructed the first street railway in San Francisco, developed many fine mining properties, was one of the founders of the Academy of Design, and one of the prime movers

in the establishment of Grace church, the first Episcopal church in California, to which he was one of the largest contributors and of which he was one of the vestrymen from the beginning, holding office until he died.

Mrs. Van de Water was one of the very few women who had the courage to accompany their husbands to the Golden Gate in '49, undergoing hardships in the crossing of the Isthmus which tried the endurance even of strong men. On their arrival they found that the residences available for people of affluence were tents or structures hastily put together from pieces of packing boxes, while the poorer people had to sleep in the open air, fortunate if they could get the shade of a live-oak for shelter. One of the richest men now living went out in the steerage of the same steamer on which Mrs. Van de Water was a passenger, and on reaching land set up a stand in the open air where he sold lemonade and peanuts. Even in such a business there was money to be made in those days when eggs sold for a dollar apiece and other things in proportion. Another multi-millionaire, who has sat in the U. S. Senate, worked for a while as a deck-hand on Mr. Van de Water's first steamboat. In those days it was not uncommon to see a man of good family and high education trundling a wheelbarrow or selling drinks over a bar. Many a man, too, without books, brains or breeding piled up gold and has left his family a barrel of money and a residence on Nob Hill.

Mrs. Van de Water was a near relative of one of the great men of this country, the late S. Wells Williams, missionary to China, who as a Chinese scholar, man of science and diplomatist, did a vast deal of first class work, for which, as he preferred, he received the recognition only of his own conscience and of the few who were competent to judge of what he had performed.

Mrs. Van de Water has been obliged to live very quietly, on account of her health, for many years. Her niece, Mrs. Weston Jenkins, visited her in 1886 and heard from her much of the unwritten early history of California.

WE are sorry to learn of the death of Walter H. Hartman, a former pupil of this school, which occurred last summer, from rapid consumption.

Walter entered the school from Oxford, Warren County, in October, 1884, and left in June, 1893, having been out of school, however, for two of the nine years of his term. Having learned the trade of shoemaking at the school, when he left he bought a kit of tools and some stock and set up a little shoe shop at his home.

Being industrious and sober, he was able to do well and assist in the support of his widowed mother and of the younger children. The family have our sympathy in their loss.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Electric cars are running by the school now, giving us all better facilities for reaching the business centre of the city.

—Mr. Condon writes that he is much improved in health. He had a good time in the Catskill mountains and other places.

—Dr. Quackenbos has another addition to his family in the shape of a fine girl baby. It was born on Wednesday, the 3d of October.

—A magic lantern has been purchased for the school and the pupils are to receive entertaining and instructive stereopticon lectures in future.

—Miss Jean Christmas was in town on the 8th, visiting institution friends. She resigned last June to accept a better paying position as teacher at the Mount Airy School. All were glad to see her.

—Principal Jenkins attended a teachers' institute at Ocean City on the 11th of this month. He made a speech at the meeting, in which he urged the teachers to let him know of any deaf children in their districts.

—This has been a bad month for fires in Trenton. Donnelly's clothing store, Baumgartner's dry goods establishment and Beer's photograph studio—all leading concerns in their respective lines—have suffered in this way.

—Richard Tweed, a Fanwood graduate, stopped in Trenton on his way to the West Indies, and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Porter for two days. His father is U. S. Consul and lives in Nassau. Mr. Tweed is a good compositor and received his instruction in the printing office of the New York Institution under Mr. Hodgson.

—In the last issue of the SILENT WORKER we had an article about the delay in running the trolley cars in our part of the city. It is a curious fact that, in two days after the paper came out, men were working on the tracks, and in a week's time the cars were running. We now have a fine service, handsome new cars, well lighted at night, running every few minutes from six o'clock A.M. until midnight and making the trip to the City Hall in ten minutes. Truly, the Trenton Passenger Railway seems to have had new life put into it from some source.

—One reading the political papers now would find it hard to judge whether times are worse than ever, as the Republican papers say, or whether business is starting on a boom as set forth in the Democratic organs. But we notice that the watch factory opposite our school employs a much larger force and for longer hours than for some time past. The Trenton Iron Company runs part of its works over

time and we can see Roebling's big mill ablaze with light all night. The pupils whose fathers are potters report that they have work now. So that, in this city at least, the outlook for the winter is not so bad as it was a year ago.

—We have had quite a surgical ward in our hospital this month. About three weeks ago two little boys, Fred. Walz and Walter Jackson, while playing out-doors, ran into each other, striking their heads with frightful force. Freddy had a gash on his forehead several inches long and reaching to the bone, as clean cut as if done by a sabre stroke, and Walter's injury was not less severe. Both boys have gotten over their wounds finely, much to the credit of Dr. Lalor and Mrs. Smith. Marvin Hunt cut his thumb quite badly about the same time, and on the 22d fell while playing tag and cut his scalp on the edge of a board. His wound was not deep and it is healing rapidly.

—Within the present month the furnishing of our chapel has been completed by the addition of platform furniture consisting of a table, a reading stand and an arm chair, all solidly built of quartered oak, handsomely polished. A handsome chandelier has also been placed over the platform so as to throw a strong light on the place where one would stand in addressing the pupils. The room is now as well arranged for its purposes as any school can boast, and in elegance is far beyond what can be found in most schools. The seats, of quartered oak, each furnished with an arm for writing on, are arranged in arcs of concentric circles, so that each faces the middle of the platform. A wainscot of ash in the natural color, runs around the room, above which the walls and ceiling are papered in a delicate shade of light green. The pillars and other iron work are finished in gold bronze, and all the wood work is grained to correspond with the hard wood doors and wainscot. Altogether, it is a piece of interior furnishing and decoration which, while not extravagant in the outlay required, is more tasteful and elegant than is often seen in public institutions.

ATHLETICS.

On the evening of the 8th inst., the senior boys held a meeting in the Boys' Reading Room. Mr. McAloney presided. The meeting unanimously agreed to establish an athletic club to be known as the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Athletic Club. The following were elected officers of the club for the ensuing year: Hon. J. Bingham Woodward, Hon. President; Mr. Weston Jenkins, President; Mr. R. B. Lloyd, Vice-President; Mr. T. S. McAloney, Manager; Chris. Hoff, Secretary; Chas. Cascella, Treasurer.

It was also decided to start a foot-

ball club and Dick Erdmann was elected Captain of the First Eleven.

Since the football club has been established the boys have taken up football enthusiastically, and they are to be seen every afternoon practicing faithfully on our grounds, where Mr. Dale and his assistants have erected handsome goal posts.

The First Eleven played their first football match on the afternoon of the 17th, on the home grounds. They had a team from the city for their opponents.

During the first half our boys played rather loosely and spent too much time in lining up and giving the signals. They might have scored if they had been more decided in their play. When time was called the ball was within 15 yards of their opponents' goal posts, neither side having scored.

During the second half the city team made some important changes in their players and they started out determined to score, but our boys had settled down to work and when time was called they had worked the ball to within three yards of their opponents' goal, a few minutes more and they would have made a touch-down. The score stood at 0 to 0.

During no period of the game was the goal of the home team threatened. They had the best of the play all through the game.

The captain must learn to give his signals promptly and see that his team line up quickly. The full-back must practice kicking goal.

The team are anxiously awaiting the arrival of their new football uniforms.

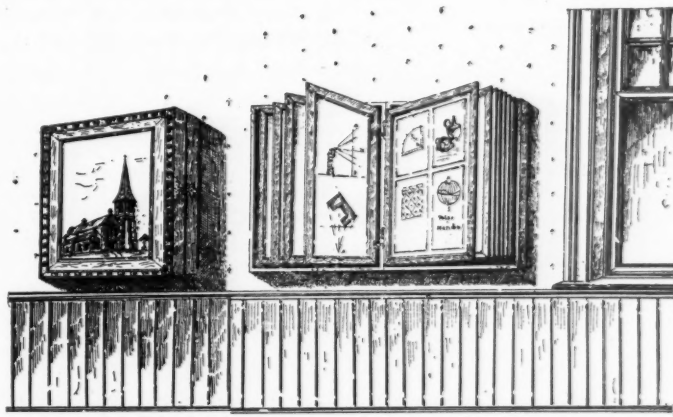
On the afternoon of the 20th, our team lined up against the same team as they played with on the 17th. Both teams put up a better game than the previous one and showed that they had practiced faithfully between games. Our team did splendidly and managed to score a touch down in each half, but failed to kick goal both times. The score stood at 8 to 0. Mr. Toft kindly acted as umpire and referee.

The same team as we had defeated on two previous occasions came over to play a practice game on the afternoon of the 26th, and though three of our regular team were unable to play we defeated them by 12 to 0.

Our team must be more careful in the future about off-side play and foul tackling as they received several heavy penalties from the umpire during the game for not paying strict attention to these points.

Charles Fay makes a splendid full-back. He has improved greatly at kicking goal.

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THE SCHOOL-ROOM

Conducted by R. B. Lloyd, A.B.

THE sets of questions immediately below are used as soon as the children know the words that enter therein. The questions are very simple, dealing only with I and You. They are begun in alphabetical order for convenience, omitting those too difficult for beginners. The children are taught that they must answer all questions beginning with *Are you* by *Yes, I am* —, or *No, I am not* —; then to answer questions beginning with *Can you*. The first and second sets are then mixed, (see set III). Then a new series of questions is introduced (see set IV.) and when it is completed, these questions are mixed up with the preceding, and so on. When the children have answered the questions in correct English, the questions are removed from sight and the children reproduce them as well as they can, guided by the answers they have written and which they have not erased. The questions are asked and answered both by writing and by the manual alphabet. Sometimes a pupil comes and sits with the teacher facing the class and asks them these questions assisted by the teacher who gives him a key word and otherwise helps him along when he is embarrassed. The most backward pupils in the class learn to answer these questions correctly and to ask them too. Practice is everything. No one can learn to do a thing well without practicing at it.

R. B. L.

I.

1. Are you well?
2. Are you hungry?
3. Are you a boy?
4. Are you a girl?
5. Are you thirsty?
6. Are you a man?
7. Are you sleepy?

II.

1. Can you skip the rope?
2. Can you make a paper doll?
3. Can you lift the table?
4. Can you reach the gas?
5. Can you turn a somersault?
6. Can you jump over the table?
7. Can you jump off the table?

III.

1. Are you hungry?
2. Can you play checkers?
3. Are you tired?
4. Can you see through the wall?
5. Are you a good boy?
6. Can you hear?
7. Are you sick?

IV.

1. Have you a dog at home?
2. Have you a doll here?
3. Have you any money?
4. Have you a pair of scissors?
5. Have you a knife?
6. Have you a book?
7. Have you a postal-card?

V.

1. Can you hear?
2. Have you any money?

3. Are you tired?
4. Have you the tooth-ache?
5. Are you a girl?
6. Can you spin a top?
7. Are you happy at school?

V I.

1. Do you like school?
2. Do you know Mr. Hearnen?
3. Do you feel tired?
4. Do you feel hungry?
5. Do you like kittens?
6. Do you have oysters at school?
7. Do you sleep alone at school?

VII.

1. Do you sleep alone at home?
2. Have you a cow at home?
3. Are you sorry?
4. Can you ride a horse?
5. Have you a pair of mittens?
6. Do you drink coffee and tea?

Object Lessons.

A PIN.

It is a pin. It is round. It has a head. It has a point. It is made of wire. It is about one inch long. It is for fastening clothes, etc. It is sharp. It will bend. It is nice. It is bright. It is small. It is smooth. It will roll. It is cheap. It is useful. It will scratch. It will prick.

A MAGAZINE.

It is Harper's magazine. It is a monthly and is the issue for September, 1894, No. 532. It is published by Harper and Brothers, New York. The subscription price is \$4 a year; a single copy costs 25 cents. It has 159 pages of stories and articles, and has many pictures.

A PAIR OF EYE-GLASSES.

They are made of glass and steel. They are useful. They help the eyes to see. They are transparent. They have no frame. They are light. They will break. The bridge is fastened to the glass with little screws. The glasses are concave. They are thin. I do not wear glasses. Some of the teachers and pupils wear glasses. Theresa broke her glasses by sitting on them.

A SLATE-PENCIL.

It is a slate-pencil. It is about three inches long. It was about five inches long. It is broken. It is not sharp. It is round. It is smooth. It is light. It is made of clay. It is for writing on a slate. It will break. It is bluish gray. It will roll. It is useful. I have one. You gave it to me.

Direction.

1. In what direction do you go when you go home?
I go northeast.
2. In what direction do you walk when you go to the laundry?
I walk south.
3. In what direction are you looking?
I am looking east.
4. In what direction am I looking?

- You are looking west.
5. In what direction does Hamilton avenue run?
It runs east and west.
 6. Where is Hamilton avenue?
It is north of the school.
 7. Is this school north or south of Hamilton avenue?
It is south.

Geography.

Where is Halifax? Write something about it. How can I go there?

Halifax is in Nova Scotia. It has about 45,000 people. It has an excellent harbor, which is deep enough for large ships. It is about 600 miles northeast of New York. It has a school for the deaf. The Red Cross Line runs steamers between New York and Halifax. The excursion rate is \$28. The steamers leave Warren St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Where is Jacksonville, Fla.? Write something about Florida and tell how we can go to Jacksonville.

It is in the northeastern part of Florida on the St. John's River. Florida is a peninsula. It is between the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. The southern part is mostly a great swamp, full of alligators and wild animals. From Florida we get cotton, oranges, lemons, and other fruits. It was first visited by Ponce de Leon in 1512. He was looking for a wonderful fountain to make him young again. St. Augustine is the oldest town in the United States. We can go to Jacksonville by rail, or by steamer. The steamers of the Mallory Line leave New York. The excursion rate is \$40.30. I would like to go to Florida.

History.

PICTURE OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

(The answers have been improved by the teachers.)

1. What is this a picture of?
It is a picture of the battle of Gettysburg.
2. When did this battle occur?
It occurred in July, 1863.
3. Who were the opposing forces.
They were the Federals and the Confederates.
4. Who commanded them?
Gen. Meade commanded the Federals and Gen. Lee commanded the Confederates.
5. What was the result of the battle?
The Confederates were defeated.
6. What was the war called?
It was called the Civil War in America.
7. What was the cause of it?
Some of the southern States wanted to secede from the Union and the North would not let them. The South wanted to keep slaves and the North wanted to abolish slavery.
8. How long did the war last?
It lasted four years.
9. Name some Union generals and some Confederate generals.
Gens. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Hancock, McClellan, were some of the Union generals. Gens. Lee, Jackson, Johnson, Longstreet, Pickens and Bragg were some Confederate generals.
10. Who were the commanders in chief?

- Gens. Grant and Lee.
11. Why did the South fail?
Because her resources were exhausted.
 12. Who was President of the Southern Confederacy?
He was Jefferson Davis.
 13. Who was President of the United States?
Abraham Lincoln was President of the U. S.
 14. What was Lincoln's fate?
He was assassinated on the 14th of April, 1865.

A man sold 82 barrels of apples at \$5 a bbl., 140 bushels of corn at 50 cents a bushel, and 18 tubs of butter at \$10 a tub. He received \$260 in cash and took the rest in cows, at \$25 apiece. How many cows did he get?

82 bbl. of apples.
5 dollars a barrel.

410 dollars for 82 bbl. of apples.

140 bushels of corn.
50¢ a bushels.

\$70.00 for 140 bushels of corn.

18 tubs of butter.
\$10 a tub.

\$180 for 140 bushel, of corn.

\$410
70
180

\$660
260

\$400

\$25)400(16 cows.
25

150
150

He got 16 cows.

Mr. Santee's house is being retinned. What will it cost him at \$5.65 a square, if roof is 24 ft. long, and is 16 ft. from eaves to ridge pole?

What will be the cost of painting a room 22 ft. long, 18 ft. wide, and 10 ft., 6 in. high, at 10½ cents sq. yd., allowing 12 sq. yds. for windows and doors?

24 × 16 = 384 sq. ft.; one side of roof.

384 × 2 = 768 sq. ft.; two sides of house.

768 ÷ 100 = 768 squares.

7.68 × 5.65 = \$43.39; cost to retin roof.

22 × 10½ × 2 = 462 sq. ft.; two sides of room.

18 × 10½ × 2 = 378 sq. ft.; two sides of room.

18 × 22 = 396 sq. ft.; of ceiling.

462 × 378 × 396 = 1236 sq. ft.

1236 ÷ 9 = 137 sq. yds.

137½ - 12 = 125½ sq. yds., to be painted.

125½ × 10½ = \$13.16; cost to paint room.

Autumn wins you by its mite

Appeal to sympathy for its decay.

—Robert Browning.

BE SURE

and buy your clothing at the **American Clothing & Tailoring Co., 3 East State St., cor. Warren.** Clothing to order if desired; pants to measure, \$3, \$4, and \$5. Coat and vest, \$10. and up to order

TEACHERS' MEETING.

Held Monthly at The New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Teachers' Meeting for the month of September was held on Friday, October 5th, at 3 o'clock, P.M.

The meeting was opened by Principal Jenkins, who said that no subject had been selected for discussion at this meeting but that he would suggest, "The Training of Advanced Classes to Observe and to Record Their Observations." He said that the primary work of the Northampton (Clarke) Institution provided admirably for this kind of training, of a grade suited to pupils at this early stage of development, and instanced exercises given in primary classes in this school as being in the same line.

But in the intermediate and advanced classes this kind of training is not carried on with the same thoroughness.

Mr. Mc Aloney suggested that walks with teachers, undertaken for the special purpose of making observations and of afterwards describing what has been seen, were serviceable in the direction indicated.

Miss Edith Brown said that such work was valuable in the primary grades, in which her experience had chiefly lain. She has had her pupils keep a "Journal of all things seen." Mr. Jenkins said that this was excellent. When he taught the High Class in the New York Institution he used, at stated intervals, to take his pupils to the museums, to manufacturing establishments and to other points of interest, requiring them to take notes of what they saw and afterwards to write it out.

Dr. Quackenbos said that he had found the lectures on anatomy and physiology which he gave last year and which were illustrated by the study of specimens and by the use of the microscope, very helpful for the purpose indicated.

Mr. Jenkins said that the object which these methods aim to secure is of very high value both in its immediate practical relations and as a means of mental culture. Any subject may be so taught as to secure this end in some measure. In the foundation work for geography, for instance, pupils may be taught to measure and record distances accurately, to note the direction, force and general character of a stream, and so on. They may be made to learn the different kinds of trees in the yard and to observe the differences in their form, in the shape of their leaves, in the color of their bark and in a score of other respects.

Mr. Jenkins asked for the co-operation of the teachers in observing and recording sentences of frequent use, to be printed for the pupils.

He said that he expected soon to have a magic lantern and a number

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of slides and said that this would be helpful to the pupils studying geography and history, as well as entertaining to all.

OCTOBER.

The lands are lit
With all the autumn blaze of Golden Rod;
And every where the purple Asters nod
And bend and wave and flit.

—Helen Hunt.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

—Whittier.

Let other lands exulting gleam
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us for his golden corn
Send up our thanks to God—

—Whittier.

October,
Ay, thou art welcome, Heaven's delicious
breath,

When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and meek grows the
brief sun;
And the year smiles as it draws near its
death,

Wind of the Sunny South, oh, still delay
In the gay woods and in the golden air
Like to a good old age released from care,
Journeying in long serenity away.
In such a bright late quiet would that I,
Might wear out life like thee 'mid bowers
and brooks,

And dearer yet the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices ever nigh,
And when my last sand twinkled in the
glass

Pass silently from men as thou dost pass.

—W. C. Bryant.

THE GREAT WORK

on which the publishers of *The Century Magazine* have been employed for the past ten years—The Century Dictionary—is now completed. Money has been freely spent to make the dictionary as nearly perfect in all particulars as it is possible for such a work to be. Its usefulness, the amount of information it contains, the thoroughness with which every subject is treated, the beauty of the illustrations, etc., are things that cannot be described,—one must see the work itself to appreciate them. The publishers cordially invite every reader of this paragraph to send for the larger handsomely illustrated pamphlet of specimen pages which they have prepared, and which will be sent, post-paid, to any address on receipt of five two cent stamps. Address The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York.

Among the many beautiful floral offerings received for the funeral of Oliver Wendell Holmes was one bunch sent by Helen Keller, with the following words in her own handwriting: In loving memory of the dear friend whose kindness and tender sympathy have helped to make my life glad and sweet and beautiful. From his little friend who sees with the eyes of her soul, Helen Keller."—*Monmouth (N. J.) Democrat.*

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"There is no cant in it, no excess of explanation, and it is full of suggestion,—the raw material of possible poems and histories."

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For further particulars apply to the Principal,

J. M. GREEN.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

A Long list of Winter Entertainments—
Another Worthy Reform—Minor Pen-
cillings.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

[Subscriptions to THE SILENT WORKER may be sent to Robert E. Maynard, 20 Terrace Place, Yonkers, N. Y. He will also supply other information relative to the paper upon application.]

We have been overburdened with cares and anxieties so far this month and strength seems to fail just as we remember our letter is unpenned. Throwing aside these, come my readers, let us have a little chat. The editor is at the telephone, his wrath is manifold at our delay, the foreman and office boy are wrangling over copy and the pressman is wetting down and making things quite soapy. So tread softly with me to the accustomed corner where there are no "rats."

Now let me say New York mutes are about entering the winter season of festivities. So far we know of half a dozen sociables, two balls and a pantomime. Considering the early season, announcements have been made a good long ways in advance, and everything points to a successful season.

The securing of new club rooms and announcement of its ball for December 5th, at Lexington Opera House, a new building and finest of its kind in New York, place the Fanwood Quad Club at the head of the column. The ball will be given on a grand scale and will be the finest ever given by a club of deaf-mutes. The make-up of the club leaves no question unanswered in this way. Its roster includes the most intelligent mutes of New York and some of the most widely known in the United States. It is to be hoped that every mute for miles around will be on hand to lend enjoyment to the occasion with his presence.

Later on, in January, the Union League will give a repetition of ball room scenes.

The usual custom of honoring the elder Gallaudet will take place on December 10th, when the Manhattan Literary Association has something on the bill.

In the city of Boston, during the past summer, the public schools have remained open for an extra session. Several of New York's schools did likewise. It was an excellent thing to do. Many boys and girls who could not think of going out of town and who have nothing to do of a profitable or pleasant kind, found the session better than idling about the streets and added so much to their meagre total of schooling.

This thought suggests another reform worthy of consideration. There are, in our schools for the deaf, a multitude of mutes whose poverty forbids their attending school the required number of years. Many of them quit

school very poorly equipped for the life struggle, even in the rudimentary branches. Being, as I said, poor, they simply cannot remain the full term. Many principals fail to see this and are trying to ask the legislature to prevent a pupil leaving school until his term has expired.

These pupils, or many of them, would be glad to stay one more hour per day in school or at their trade, if it were permitted them, or one day more a week in order to acquire a better hold upon education or their trade; and an hour a day, a day a week would amount to something like a whole year's additional instruction to them. Our institutions on a whole are located on spacious grounds which admit of health giving qualities and cool shade. Many pupils reside in the heart of great cities, midst spreading germs of disease. Hot dirty tenements, after their months at school in cleanliness, is indeed a great change. It is no vacation for them—out of the frying pan into the fire. Thrust upon the streets of a city like New York they soon acquire the habits of the hearing children and roam about thus because their parents are too poor to send them away. They return to school in the fall with pale, sickly faces, much the worse for their vacation, unfit to take up their studies where they left off, and mighty glad to get back to school. Often the germs of disease are brought with them. How great and beneficial would the pure air of the institution have proved. Surrounded by intelligence instead of ignorance, cleanliness instead of filth, they would have had a vacation in truth. Why should not these poor girls and boys be organized into classes for the summer months? They learn something, then forget this when away for two short months from school.

Why should pupils be compelled to remain idle on Saturdays and to be restricted to five or six hours in the school-room and only two or three hours in the industrial department? The Saturday holiday is an absurdity. Add Saturday to the school week and give the pupils more benefit of the trade school. Teach them the ways of the world. The days of tradition are past. Old Puritan times, when there were no servants and schools closed on Saturdays to let girls and boys help their parents prepare for Sunday, are gone, and tradition may well give way to benefit thousands of poor boys and girls by adding Saturday to the school week.

Our schools for the deaf are well planned for those who are comfortably well off. Why should they not be adjusted somewhat to the needs of those who are most dependent upon judicious arrangements for even a meagre education?

Our hearing brother is clamoring for more school hours. With the hours now allotted them the deaf

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require nearly twice as many. Should the Board of Education so decide the deaf will be pushed harder to keep up the standard they now maintain. Should this proposition and see how it works.

Thinking—the art of looking either forward or backward, upward or downward, is creating, as thinking is writing. If all our thoughts and suggestions for the benefit of the deaf at various times were heeded fame would be the better for it. No one need fear that he will exhaust the substance of thought and where there is one victory to three defeats it is not well to drop a good and beneficial work.

And still people continue to believe an institution first class, because its outer crust appears to be good. But they are often another kind of national school book, whose object is to help the scholar to pass on and leave it behind. Neither children nor society are to be kept forever cornered. There must be in each a process of absorption or reconstruction of its routine. Some institutions' never change—that is their principals never do. A principal whose views are not changing for the better concedes the fact his institution is ungrowing, and if his institution is ungrowing the sooner it digs its own grave the better. Digesting a preparation especially made for day and oral schools last summer does not seem to have passed the stomach successfully. Try again.

New York's greatest danger is now very apparent. It has risen to such a pitch that interests on all sides are involved. There is going to be a family dissension among the mutes. Some think that creed is the chief aim of a club; others not.

The mutes of Paris are fair examples of what New Yorkers are going to experience. Divided and influenced to keep company with only members of their church, is killing the interests of the deaf as a class. Step forward and be men and women, exert yourselves in this free country to show that even under restrictions you have still privileges and the right of free speech. But any how I see no reason why friendship should be confined to a class or creed. Its all very well to deny, but on the inside it's quite different.

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A crowd of mutes, returning from a convention, occupied the seats and aisle of nearly a whole car. The conductor seemed confused and shouted, "If you don't stop this noise I'll put the whole crowd of you off the train." A hearing passenger caught onto his little joke and, rising, said: "I'm with you. I'll step into the silence of the next car."

All this talk on the advisability of having type-setting machines introduced in our institutions and teach pupils to manipulate the keys is all nonsense. Any intelligent person can do that in two weeks and there are thousands of opportunities to do that after leaving school. A pupil who has learned to set type and then to run a machine is in greater need than one who can manipulate a machine and has not learned to set type.

We must correct the statement, or supposition, that we have severed our connection with this paper. This letter gives evidence that we have not.

Principal Currier has introduced into his school an advanced department, the pupils of which pursue collegiate studies. It is not known whether these same pupils will enter college on completion of this course. Principal Currier, we are told by some of the more advanced pupils, is in accord with the action taken by the Empire State Association for the establishment of a branch for the higher education of the deaf of New York State in the metropolis, providing such is approved by the Board of Directors.

INFANTE.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT

Conducted by Thos. S. McAloney.

BIRMINGHAM.

The Royal Institution for The Deaf and Dumb, Edgbaston.

THE Royal Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, situated at Edgbaston, Birmingham, was established in the year 1812, but it was not really opened until January 11th, 1814.

Mr. T. Braidwood, grandson of Mr. Thomas Braidwood, one of the pioneers of deaf-mute education in Great Britain, was the first head-master appointed. The school made rapid progress under Mr. Braidwood, and at his death in 1825, was in a flourishing condition.

M. Louis du Paget, a pupil of the great Pestalozzi, succeeded him. Du Paget, though acquainted with his master's methods, knew nothing about teaching the deaf and as a consequence the school was thrown into confusion and the children were without control. Young Charles Baker, afterwards Dr. Baker, Principal of the Yorkshire Institution, was called in to assist in restoring order, and through his assistance the school was soon under perfect control.

Braidwood educated his pupils by the oral method, but on the appointment of du Paget, the committee of the Institution decided that the sign method, as used by the Abbe Sicard, should for the future be employed in their school as the chief method of instruction. They reasoned, "that, if Nature herself has taught deaf-mutes this language, if it renders them capable of forming correct ideas, then the most efficient and expeditious

method for their instruction is to cultivate and teach the natural language, which would serve as a foundation; they also considered that objects should first be taught to the deaf-mute, afterwards words; that he should be exercised to think accurately before burdening his memory with artificial signs of thought."

In 1840, du Paget resigned and his place was filled by Mr. Arthur Hopper, B. A., a graduate of the Dublin University and an experienced teacher of the deaf. Mr. Hopper received his training as teacher in the Claremont Institution, Dublin. He was noted for his untiring attention to all his duties, for his earnestness and thoroughness as a teacher, and for his kind and gentle disposition. He was thoroughly convinced of the efficacy of the sign-language in teaching the deaf, but at the same time he was ready to examine and adopt any other method that would benefit his pupils. He died in 1882, and Mr. Edward Townsend, whose portrait we give this month, was appointed his successor.

Mr. Townsend began his career as a teacher of the deaf in the Yorkshire Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Doncaster. He next accepted the position of Assistant Master in the London Asylum for the Deaf, where, and at its branch Institution at Margate, he remained for a period of eighteen years, during which time he proved himself *au fait* in his profession and capable of managing an Institution with energy and wisdom. The Committee of the Royal Institution, could not have chosen a fitter man to

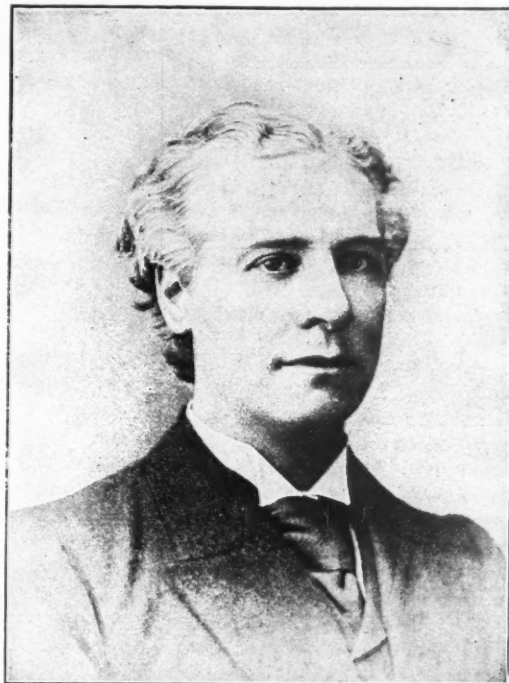
succeed Mr. Hopper than the present head-master of the Institution, Mr. Townsend.

Mr. Townsend is a bright engaging man with a pleasing intelligent countenance. He has great command of facial expression, all the features of his face being well defined. He combines a gentle and sympathetic nature with great strength of character and possesses the honor and respect of the profession of which he is a member.

Mr. Townsend gave evidence before the Royal Commission, which was appointed to examine into the condition of the Deaf and Dumb in 1886. His evidence was clear and concise, and was received with due respect by the Commissioners.

The recommendation of the Commissioners that deaf and dumb schools should be inspected by ordinary school inspectors, was strenuously opposed by Mr. Townsend. He held, and rightly so, that the education of deaf-mutes was a specialty, and that only experts with a wide and varied experience and possessing an accurate knowledge of the deaf were capable of inspecting the schools for the deaf.

Mr. Townsend is a staunch supporter of the "Combined System." He has great faith in signs and finger-spelling for cultivating the intellect, and though recognizing the merits of the



EDWARD TOWNSEND.

"oral" method, he believes that *the greatest good can be done to the greatest number* by means of the "Combined System."

The Royal Institution has a staff of eleven teachers and an average attendance of about 125 pupils. The pupils are taught fret-work, wood-carving, cookery and laundry work, also gymnastic instruction and drill.

* * *

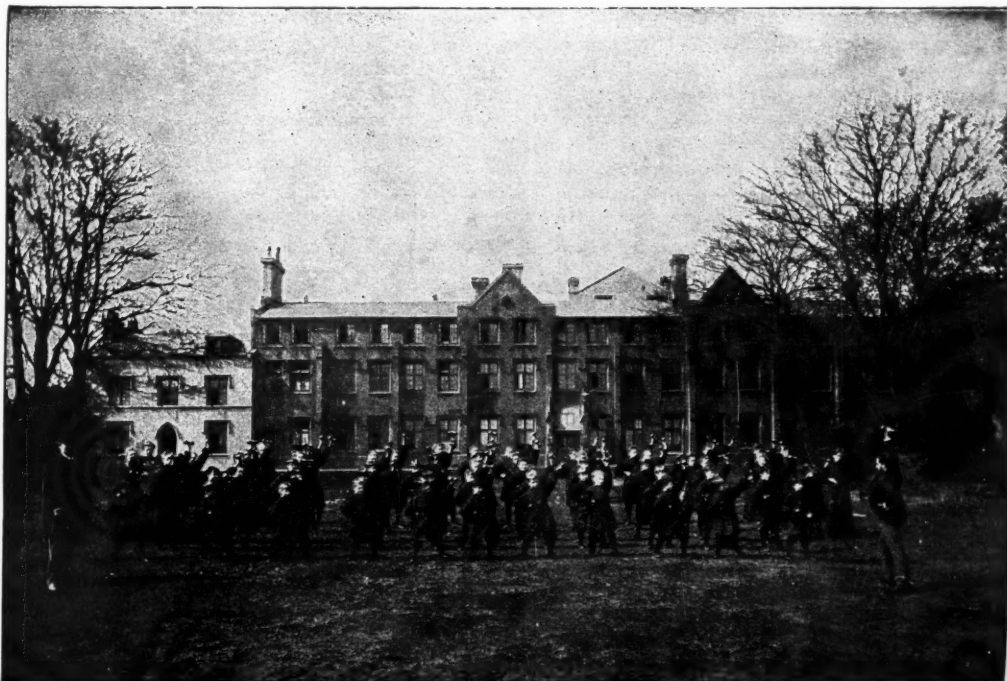
THERE are about 19,000 deaf-mutes in India, and only two schools in the whole Empire at which these deaf-mutes can be educated. The schools are situated respectively at Bombay and Calcutta.

The Calcutta school was established in 1893, through the untiring efforts of Babu Girindranath Bhose, a wealthy native gentleman who has a deaf-mute relative. He tried to induce Mr. Francis Maginn, of Belfast, to go Calcutta to take charge of the school, but Mr. Maginn was unable to accept his offer; he then sent a native gentleman, named Babu Jamani Nath Banerje, to be trained at the Bombay school.

Jamani Nath Banerje remained for some time in training at the Bombay school, after which he returned to Calcutta and took charge of the school at that place.

The Calcutta School does not receive Government support, but is dependent upon voluntary effort for its maintenance. We sincerely hope the British Government will soon see its way clearly to make ample provision for the education of our unfortunate brethren in the "land of the temples and pagodas."

The "oral" method of instruction is used with success both in the Bombay and Calcutta schools. In the latter school each individual forms a class by himself.



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